

means which they propose, and to forecast more carefully than moral crusaders are apt to do, not only the immediate and direct, but the remote and indirect consequences of their measure. They must also permit us to say that justice is the soul of the Commonwealth, and that we cannot afford to have it summarily set aside in order to clear the way for a particular measure of sumptuary reform, however passionately desired."

Selected Articles

MARSHALLING FOR THE FINAL ONSET.

The Hope star is in the ascendant and shining brightly. The period of rally and muster and skirmish is well nigh passed. In a little while we shall mass our forces for the decisive battle.

You have looked and longed for that crowning battle. You have seen the beleaguered fortress of Society hard beset by the enemy. You have sometimes doubted if ever the siege would be raised and Society freed.

Doubt no longer. The rescue has sounded.

Listen! Place your ear close down to the solid earth. Hear ye not the sounding tramp of the million feet? Look! Away yonder rises the dust cloud on the distant horizon—wider and higher and nearer it rolls. See! as it breaks we catch here and there a glimpse of white flags, a gleam of sword and sabre, aye, they are coming, the grand army of relief, the serried ranks of the liberators.

And now they deploy into line and rank. Never yet has battle-field of earth beheld so grand a sight. See how their golden panoply gleams in the sunlight, and what a holy fire beams upon their countenances!

There to the right is the noble band of Christian ministers each bearing the red cross sign on his breast. No old Crusaders these, headed by a half-crazed Hermit and going forth to battle for the ruined sepulchre of a buried Christ; but, Manning, Farrar, Wilberforce and Cuyler, at their head, all fighting for the living temples of a risen Lord.

There next them the dense masses of rank and file, shoulder to shoulder moving onward in restless might, and passing from man to man the watchword of the contest, "For God and Human good."

There upon the left the splendid detachment of scientists and medical analysts, with brain as cool and sword as keen as ever Spanish Cid could boast, when rushing full upon his Paynim foe.

There 700,000 Templars from every clime, Sons, Friends, Rechabites, Ribbon-men, an innumerable host with flags white as driven snow, and chanting their hopeful battle songs; and lo! there in the very centre of the advancing host 300,000 childrens' voices ring out the happy song of deliverance, as the young crusade marches joyfully forward to swell the mighty ranks.

And here they come, God bless them! the gathering women of our land, fresh from looking at the rosy cheeks and into the bright eyes, and kissing the pure lips of their darlings; fresh from the sacred hearth of home, the cradle's lullaby, and the infant's prayer; fresh from the blessing of husband, brother, father's love; baptized with the loving spirit of Christ, and the sweet sympathy of a redeeming mission.

And now the Grand Army, filled with noble courage, and electric with hope, pauses for a single moment upon the crested hill-top, and gathers breath for the final onset.

Listen! and soon our ears shall catch the clear tones of the welcome marching order, "Forward, Christian Soldiers!" Watch with eager eyes and bated breath as they storm the outworks, scale the walls, spike the fatal guns, and are lost amid the smoke and din of conflict. They shout for very joy and make the wide welkin ring, as, out from the coming years, borne on the breath of all the angels, sounds the swelling pean of "Victory! Victory! Victory!" over the sorrow, and the woe, the ruin and the shame of man's Intemperance.—Prof. G. E. FOSTER, M.P.

A GRAND JURY THAT DEALS WITH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Grand Jury of the city of Philadelphia which was charged with the duty of investigating the condition of the almshouse and other charitable institutions, in their report say of the liquor traffic:

"In the performance of our duty we have been deeply impressed with the fact that four-fifths, if not nine-tenths, of the 6,000 paupers and criminals which fill our public institutions are in their sad and deplorable condition through the influence of intoxicating liquors. If we look beyond these institutions to determine the cost of the liquor traffic to this city: if we estimate the increase of the police force necessary to meet its requirements; the degradation emanating from the infamous pest-houses which it sustains; the idleness which it fosters; the wealth which it squanders and destroys; the poverty and disgrace which it entails; the burdens and expenses which it lays upon our courts of justice, and if we add to these the perpetual support of so large a number of paupers and criminals, the loss which we suffer is incalculable. If these fearful calamities cannot be prevented; if the right is given to men to scatter desolation and death all about them, to cover with rags and shame every family which they are able to reach; to convert happy homes into pest-houses, and kind parents into drivelling maniacs; if the legal right to commit these crimes be given for a paltry consideration, we beg, in the name of suffering humanity, that, if it be necessary, all the resources of the commonwealth shall be called into requisition to compel these men to confine their work of destruction to the six working days of the week.

"It was certainly never designed that the law should make a discrimination in their favor, and that the Sabbath should be obliterated to promote a calling that lives only to destroy.—*Lodge Visitor*.

DESPAIR.

How terrible the thought when it fully dawns upon the soul with all its black horrors, that becomes the strongest part of our very being, that controls and actuates every thought and every move, that sweeps everything else aside and asserts its claim upon us in the most sacred moments, goes with us night and day, in business or pleasure, in joy or pain; another self that defies our authority, tramples upon all our wishes, spurns every good desire.

Such was the condition of a young man who came to see us a few days since, when in a wild gush of anguish he exclaimed: "O, God, must I be a slave all my life? Must I spend my days here in prison and asylums, and my eternity in darkness and despair? Nothing but this, Mr. Wells, seems open for me. I would to God I could sweep all these hell holes from the earth and sink them in the depths of the bottomless pit."

It is this state of mind, sooner or later that suicides reach, and in their agony they hurl themselves into eternity.

Thousands of this class cry out to us from the vortex of despair and bid us save the rising generation; and yet political parties would bid us be silent. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand be paralyzed, before I cease my efforts to annihilate this curse of curses.—*Tidings*.



Just as we go to press we receive the tidings of another glorious victory. The united counties of Dundas, Stormont and Glengarry have rolled up the largest Scott Act majority that has yet been recorded in Ontario.